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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1559.

Choice Poetry.

WHY DO I LOVE HER SO?

BY JAMES MACK.

A weary life is mine, at best—
Few pleasures mine that others share—
And of, by lonely thoughts oppress'd,
It seems that I might well despair,
But when my "Little Prose?" I see,
A pleasant thing is life to me.

To know that I am not alone,
To hold her little head in mine,
To watch her every fair face finds shine,
Her cheeks flow, that brightens up
When love's intelligence dictates
With this my soul is satisfied,
And desire a more refreshing cup
O'calm and quiet happiness;
In sweet content I then repose
From sorrow's pangs and passion's throes,
Without a wish, save not to stir
From out whose weary look may know!
Some wonder what I find in her
My heart so strangely to impress—
A clever child, the most rudeen,
But nothing more, for all they see,
Than wise children of her age.
Who scarce can thought of some engage.
Whence comes, then, the witchery
That sways me in her sweet control?
They know her not—and none of earth,
There I, my brother love her worth;
For we have spoken soul to soul.
And desire a spirit free to hear,
When all her mind's immortal grace,
Love, truth and goodness, shone revealed
Unfettered when the world concealed.
Twas in no hour of bitter pain,
When the keen agony of years
Was crowded in a moment's space—
When sorrow, mingled blind, and love as vain—
And the wrong heart as I burning brain,
Could only find relief in tears—
For I despaired of earthly goods—
She came—I scarce knew whence or knew—
A light and glory round her bore—
Suddenly beautiful she stood.
For all of earth had left her face,
And all of heaven might trace.
Her look sustained my heart, and cheered,
For a moment, the world's cold hate I heard.
The child, the mortal, disappeared,
And Hope once more revealed!
Then did we wed with a-al combine—
So, I am hers, and she is mine—
Forever more forever!
Forth in the world I see her go.
A creature child to romance, express—
To some a star of Paradise,
Unearthly, fanciful, divine!
No wonder that I love her so.

Pictures of Life.

THE TEXAN HUNTRESS;
OR,
THE ENTHUSIAST'S DREAM.
(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY C. W. WEBBER, OF BERTRAM, AUTHOR OF "OLD HICKS, THE GUIDE," "THE SHOT IN THE EYE," &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by C. W. Webber, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

A loud hurrah, accompanied by the clatter of horses' feet now broke the stilling stillness, and springing up, I rushed forward, or rather hobbled forward towards the door, as I was not to yet secure.

As I reached it, it was burst open violently, and in rushed my friend C——, the planter, followed by several negroes. He was a good-humored, open-hearted gentleman, and almost hold me breath to watch the result.

After some little while, she began to speak in a very low tone, and with much pain, but I was unmeasured. It had before been so shrinkingly unconstrained. That kind of pain only distinguish here and there a phrase.

"You! you! Poor child of persecution, you are here! You have been hunted down like a wild deer!"

"Hah! the very fellows I've just been drinking. They carried some bodies of several killed and wounded. You must have had close work of it, by my boy! We finished the business for them, though,—only three got off!"

"Glad of it,—but help that woman,—she has fainted—"

"Great God!—a woman here,—and in that dress!"

He sprang forward to the bed and looked at her!

"It is, it is—I am alive. Boys,"—turning to the negroes who stood at the door, holding by the whites of their eyes in wonder and awe,—"run, hurry, get some water,—you see the spring out there as we came?"

Then turning to me, with a broad expression of amusement in his face—

"Who can these people be! Did they drop from the clouds! She's wounded! Did she fall down?"

"Indeed she did,—she did the most of it!"

"But what are they doing with her, with all this dreff trumpery? Did she faint from loss of blood? Is she badly hurt? This old man looks as if he cared for her!" This to himself, without waiting for an answer, and turning, stepped back into the door, and shouted at the top of his voice—

"Tom Tug!—Jim!—come along with that water! Here, some of you other people flying, and you lazy vagabonds yon—ah, here you are!" and the dusky negroes rushed forward to the door of the room, bearing each a brimming gourd in one hand, and his rifle in the other. The foremost stammered out—

"Heard you, massa,—was comin' fast as we could,—but Jim say he was afraid ob dem on his rifles, and dat explanation would be—he take 'em 'bout to cigar, an' I scotch he."

"Blast you, you impudent impiscatence!—give me the gourd, you rascal!"

"Do be am, massa!" while Jim, thrusting his gourd into his master's hand, added, "I tink he *did* slope" out, sure enough, rolling his big eyes with him as if he expected to see some bwick stick in pursuit.

"Here's Jim, too!—nigger, fast! He almost! Here, massa, here's Bob. His head!!!" and the second darkie glided furtively from the door, looking over his shoulder.

The planter, in the meantime, was stooping over the silent forms of the corpse, and admiringly feeling the muscles of the arms. He then stood by and looked on with a sort of half grin of heroical indifference, not a little heightened by his affected imitation of the expression of majority and trepidation which still lingered upon his face, since he looked after the hasty retreat of his sable comrades in arms.

"She recovers!" said the good-hearted planter, eagerly, hitting his hand.

The woman opened her eyes, and sprang half erect, uttering at the same time a sudden shriek, as she still that I involuntarily placed my hands upon my ears. The planter stepped backwards, and Tom, in spite of his heroism, vanished in a twinkling out of the door.

"What does this mean?" said C——, drawing quickly around at me. "Is she crazy?" and he sprang towards her, instinctively, forcing her down upon the bed, while he turned his head slightly to listen for my answer.

"Yes, she is,—hold her!—hold her firmly! she is not mine now, and may do more mischief!"

"I understand soulping,—but this infernal den is too much for me!" exclaimed he, as he pressed her down to the bed again, while her struggles redoubled, and her struggles became more fitful. He was a very strong man, and yet all his strength was required to keep her down, and he turned to me with an expression of exhaustion and forced firmness, as he exclaimed,—"Why didn't you warn me of this?"

"I had no time!"

"One would have suffered!"

"And what good would that have done?"

"I might have been prepared for it!"

"No!—you could not have known more after an explanation than you can now!"

"Hah! I'll see!"

"Why, you perceive that the woman is out of her head,—has a brain fever. She suffers from that wound, and by far her greatest, next to the additional excitement of the late conflict, that is all!"

"What shall we do?" he asked, in dismay, as it became every moment more difficult to keep her down.

"I must call the surgeon back,—for I can be of little assistance to you."

"The stupid fools!—you can't get them to come back!"

"I'm! I can!" and seizing his rifle, I hobbled to the door and looked out. Tom was the only one in sight. I shouted to him, ordering his return. This fellow shook his head, and looked fearfully askance towards me. I instantly raised his rifle, and, as I thought, in token of assent, he peremptorily ordered his return, under penalty of a ball through his wooly head. The habit of obedience conquered with him in a moment, and he came back in a slow, unwilling step.

"Why, you cowardly rascal!" I said in an angry and contemptuous tone, which I thought might sting and rouse his pride,—for I knew he was really a brave fellow, but superstitious. He were all his close,—I thought you had some manhood in you,—a great big lubber like you to run away from a sick and wounded woman! I am ashamed of you, Tom. Come in here, your master needs you to help him hold her!"

"Dat—dat!—dat!—no woman, massa!" he stammered, hesitatingly, as he looked up humbly for a moment. "But what, massa make poor nigger die like rotten sheep if he touch em?"

"I tell you, you fool, the woman is sick! she is a good woman, and has a bad fever, and does not know what she is doing!"

"But, massa, what did dat cosjure-wheels do dar if she am so much?" he persisted, in a more chemical voice, but still laughing back.

"Why you animal fool! why you never see a wheel, Tom?"

"Yes, massa, but don dem ain't cart wrote?"

"Foiire!" said I, provoked at his tenacious stupidity, "these are parts of small machines, not cart tools. Now, you go in and help your master, without another word, and assist him to hold that woman down!"

I seized him by the collar, and pushed him in, saying, as I looked significantly at my rifle——

"Now, you go in, Unicorn, and don't be afraid!"

The planter, who was nearly exhausted by the struggles of the convulsed woman, looked up as she covering negro enter, saluted him with a wrathful oath, which we will be excused from repeating, and the tone of which, I thought, was not very favorable.

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Miscellaneous.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

In a late letter from Mr. Greeley, to the N. Y. Tribune, occur the following interesting paragraphs:

I am very sure the Exhibition to-day in the second time since it opened; yet I understand that the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company, (whose management of the enterprise is entitled to much praise) have not the courage to count the money in their safe—but that the cash receipts, here or elsewhere, will be found to exceed the previous estimate. Twenty days were spent in the calculation that the Fair could not pay—and then twenty more were consumed in the building by the Directors, and the Exhibition opened with a debt of $100,000 unprovided for, and only one thousand dollars subscribed to meet it. Now, I am told, the receipts of the Exhibition have already paid off $50,000 of this debt, and will soon pay off the whole. Such is the popularity of the Exhibition, that it is already found necessary to enlarge it, and it is already decided to increase the Exhibition from about 1,000 feet to 1,200 feet in length. This will be done at once. It is presumed it will be finished (but no more than Forty Days), or at most, Sixty Days hence. An admission fee will be charged for the additional space, and I hope, of course, that the cash receipts, here or elsewhere, will be sufficient to pay off the debt, and the whole enterprise be established in comparative safety.

If we estimate the receipts of the Exhibition at $500 (500 only) Dollars per day, for the months of June and July, at $150,000 each, the total receipts from the 1st of August, have reached $700,000—a larger sum than was ever before received in a like period by any Exhibition whatever. But other and larger receipts are comparable to this in extent, variety or importance. Of the Crystal Palace, I will venture but One Million Dollars' worth of the best imported Paris and Jewelry in the Exhibition, (a considerable portion, I am told, has found the better portion of five days' time, carefully and poring at will, before I saw this bauble)—but I am sure that the Exhibition of Machinery alone is worth a Million Dollars, and that the value of Manufactures, at least Thirty Millions of Dollars, and probably could be sold in a week for Twenty Millions. I have seen but one of these as yet, that of Messrs. Hoe & Co., principally in the Gallery of the Exhibition that few persons can enter. I am told there are several miles of space and lots of costly wares and fabrics exposed here, a great deal of which is quite as attractive as those I have described, and intrinsically far more valuable. It does seem to me, therefore, that the Exhibition is only developed by these visits of Strangers, and that it is their high prime!

Yet very many of this immediate and indispensable success is due to the personal industrious and energetic of the Queen. She did not seem fit to rest the Replica by persons, but, instead of spending the morning in visiting, there would have been no considerable number of them, and she would have nothing less than her repeated and almost daily visits, resulting the building a little post in the Exhibition, and the Exhibition itself is presented with one of her State Bells at either Entrance (it will ring only twilight), could have no effect on general and universal interest in the Exhibition and Fashionable classes. No Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations can survive the retreat of Royal influence in this direction. What the Queen does every one who assists in Social entertainments knows in how far it is possible. This personal deference is often found in no country but England, and in no country not freedom, as I have observed in the Crystal Palace; where, though I have never attended public meetings of any kind, I have often seen a throng blockading the approaches to the apartment or avenue in which she was but she were seen to enter, and followed, unbidden, and there (being kept back from a nearer approach by the police) have been cheered on going and entering till she left, after half an hour.

This may be profound loyalty, but is decidedly servility. Even on the Saturday morning on which the Royal visitors are admitted till noon, I have seen the Queen followed down Exhibition where wares or fabrics she pursues that day to inquire are allowed to be present, I have followed after the Queen and seen her, when the Palace at the points of nearest approach to her. At such times, I have felt as if I was in a place of steadily proclaimed, and this gazing by the hot sun.

I remarked to another evening to Charles Lowe that, while I did not desire the sincerity of the Queen's interest in the articles exhibited, I thought there was more than mere curiosity in her visits—that, for England's sake, and that of the whole world, it was desirable that she should be able to form a judgment as to what was the best that it should not fail if she could help that the people should not fail. I am sure I am hugely but more hopefully observed. • To: though she seems to be studious this side of the crystal case, she is perfectly really standing on a floor.'

As I regard such Exhibitions as among the very most important contributions to the Social Science of the world, I should not give utterance to this presumption if I did not esteem it creditable to Victoria but as a Britton and a Queen. And it is very plain that her conduct in the premises is daily, among our subjects, diffusing and deepening her popularity.

The Queen and Prince Albert spent an hour in the American department a few mornings since, and appeared to regard the articles there displayed with deep interest. Prince Albert, who is not usually deemed here a man of thinking good sense, but thoroughly versed in mechanics and political economy, much surprised the visitors at the variety of our constructions and the utility and excellence of many of them. I mention this because there are Americans here who think that they can themselves ashamed of their country because it is not represented as the shore in Europe. I do not suppose their country will deem it worth while to return the compliment; but I should have been heartily ashamed of the poor quality and want of sense evinced in scolding a country which has invited them to come. I am sure of the actual state of the case. It is true, as I have already stated, that we are deficient in many things which might have been sent here with advantage to the countrymen and with credit to the country; but for Americans to send here articles of luxury and show to be exhibited in competition with all the choicest wares and fabrics of Europe, which must have been there if only by the force of mere quantity alone, would have argued a want of sense and consideration which I trust is not a national characteristic. If I were to feel ashamed in the American department, it is as containing a part of very well-shaped and especially finished case, labeled "a present for the Prince of Wales," or something of the sort. figure me the pleasure of blushing for what we have there, and I am safe enough from shame on account of any of the rest.

Mr. A. C. Ritchie, of the look-making concern of Day & Newell, has improved his time here in making a close study of the locks of Mr. Hobbs, the great English locksmith, and he now gives notice that he can pick any of Chubb's locks, or any based on similar principles—at least it will be to demonstrate in any fair trial. I trust he will have opportunity.

The Queen quits the Exhibition for a time this week, and retires in her house on the Isle of Wight, where she will spend two months in all. I am told that her family will remain the Exhibitory will generally follow her example. The Exhibition is now open every morning. It is the purpose, then, to whom five shillings is a consideration—to demand admission on six days in a week? Why should not this be done? Is there any reason why everyone is quietly and generally finished case, labeled "a present for the Prince of Wales," or something of the sort. figure me the pleasure of blushing for what we have there, and I am safe enough from shame on account of any of the rest.

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We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will remember our claims and do all they can for the Saturday Post, and that, if they do not feel bound to take advantage of our liberal offer to send them a paper for a year for nothing, they will favor us with a few subscribers. We offer this paper at a rate very unprofitable to this to extent, solely or principally for the purpose of giving it a circulation that will enable us to make it a profitable investment for Our Million Dollars' worth of the best imported Paris and Jewelry in the Exhibition, (a considerable portion, I am told, has found the better portion of five days' time, carefully and poring at will, before I saw this bauble)—but I am sure that the Exhibition of Machinery alone is worth a Million Dollars, and that the value of Manufactures, at least Thirty Millions of Dollars, and probably could be sold in a week for Twenty Millions. I have seen but one of these as yet, that of Messrs. Hoe & Co., principally in the Gallery of the Exhibition that few persons can enter. I am told there are several miles of space and lots of costly wares and fabrics exposed here, a great deal of which is quite as attractive as those I have described, and intrinsically far more valuable. It does seem to me, therefore, that the Exhibition is only developed by these visits of Strangers, and that it is their high prime!

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The Queen and Prince Albert spent an hour in the American department a few mornings since, and appeared to regard the articles there displayed with deep interest. Prince Albert, who is not usually deemed here a man of thinking good sense, but thoroughly versed in mechanics and political economy, much surprised the visitors at the variety of our constructions and the utility and excellence of many of them. I mention this because there are Americans here who think that they can themselves ashamed of their country because it is not represented as the shore in Europe. I do not suppose their country will deem it worth while to return the compliment; but I should have been heartily ashamed of the poor quality and want of sense evinced in scolding a country which has invited them to come. I am sure of the actual state of the case. It is true, as I have already stated, that we are deficient in many things which might have been sent here with advantage to the countrymen and with credit to the country; but for Americans to send here articles of luxury and show to be exhibited in competition with all the choicest wares and fabrics of Europe, which must have been there if only by the force of mere quantity alone, would have argued a want of sense and consideration which I trust is not a national characteristic. If I were to feel ashamed in the American department, it is as containing a part of very well-shaped and especially finished case, labeled "a present for the Prince of Wales," or something of the sort. figure me the pleasure of blushing for what we have there, and I am safe enough from shame on account of any of the rest.

Mr. A. C. Ritchie, of the look-making concern of Day & Newell, has improved his time here in making a close study of the locks of Mr. Hobbs, the great English locksmith, and he now gives notice that he can pick any of Chubb's locks, or any based on similar principles—at least it will be to demonstrate in any fair trial. I trust he will have opportunity.

The Queen quits the Exhibition for a time this week, and retires in her house on the Isle of Wight, where she will spend two months in all. I am told that her family will remain the Exhibitory will generally follow her example. The Exhibition is now open every morning. It is the purpose, then, to whom five shillings is a consideration—to demand admission on six days in a week? Why should not this be done? Is there any reason why everyone is quietly and generally so disposed? Is there any reason why every one is quietly and generally so disposed?

OUR NOVELETS.

We publish this week Mr. Webber's story of "The Texas Hunters," which we think will commend itself to all our readers as a very interesting narrative. We have also in hand, and will publish in a few weeks, a story of Mr. Arthur's, entitled

THE IRON HAND;
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

This novelet is, we judge, about twice the length of "The Texas Hunters," but we will endeavor to put it in as few numbers as possible. We expect to complete it in the course of this month, or early in July. It may be well to state, in this case of prize stories, that we gave Mr. Arthur for this novelet the sum of

$150.00.

This is a capital time for the thousands who are in the habit of reading the Post Weekly from their residences, to obtain names for our Premiums.

LECTURES ON INDIA.

We would respectfully call Mr. Tolfree's early attention of their neighbors who do not take the Post, to the Illustrated lectures on India, which we have commenced in this paper. Interested in about ten numbers, each number containing three engravings. We have many interesting illustrations of other countries.

THE FOXES AND FISHES.

A Mr. Norman Culver, a connection by marriage of the Rochester Fox girls, publishes a letter in the Rochester Democrat, in which he is pained to her that the rappings are made with the toes. She says:

I am, by profession, a connection of the Fox girls, their brother married my husband's sister and for years have been a member of the family, and for about two years I was a very intimate boarder in the neighborhood of the Fox residence. At one time when I was visiting the girls at Rochester, they were exhibiting their powers, and I was requested to satisfy myself in some way, and some one proposed that I should remove my shoes and stand near to producing the manifestations. I complied with the request, and the girls told me I was going to commit the spirits, and I told Catherine (the younger sister) that I knew that she could be a great thing for them to convince him that I was not doing it, and I told her that I was a lady boy, I would do it cheerfully—that I should not mind it at all. She said that she would not ask me, and I would do it if she would stand near me. I then took off my shoes and stockings, and she wanted somebody to help her, and I told her I would assist her, and I would explain it all to me. She said that when I was ready to commence, I must put my right foot on her, and touch her toes when the right knock was made, and I must do the same with the left when the left knock was made. She said that she would tell the questions mentally. After I had been in the room a few minutes, I heard the knocks in the usual manner, and I was very much surprised at the expectoration of tobacco which adorns the floor. I had been told that Catherine was in the habit of chewing tobacco, but I had never witnessed it. I was very hard work to do it. Catherine told me to spit on the floor, and I would then be under much less restraint. I have sometimes practiced the art of spitting tobacco juice, and I did my best on this occasion, but I am sorry to say that I made a very poor display. I have sometimes practiced the art of spitting tobacco juice, and I did my best on this occasion, but I am sorry to say that I made a very poor display. I have sometimes practiced the art of spitting tobacco juice, and I did my best on this occasion, but I am sorry to say that I made a very poor display.

Catherine said we have to manage to answer questions, and I told her I was not prepared enough to answer right. If the one who asked the question knew the right answer, and was the reason why they asked people to write down questions, and then they could tell whether I answered all the spirit rapped at the right one, was to write down a question, and then to write down and mention of the person, and that in that way I could tell whether I answered right. Catherine explained how they had down and moved tables with the spirits. She said that sometimes they had to make the rope break and that sometimes they had to make the rope break and that sometimes they had to make the rope break and

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

In the intervals of Mrs. Southworth's Novelets, we shall publish shorter novelets, stories, &c., from the pens of other well-known writers. We have a series of articles now on hand, which shall be published as early as possible, viz.:

The Iron Hand, by T. S. Arthur.

The Belle of the Season, by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "The Mob Cap," &c.

Lectures on India, by Caleb Wright. Illustrated by elegant Engravings. The Author has travelled more than 40,000 miles for the express purpose of collecting information respecting the various races of people whose peculiar manners, habits, and superstitions, he describes.

Reports of Lectures, the Cream of the Foreign Periodicals, Engravings, Congressional Reports, General News, Wit and Humor, &c., &c., shall be given as of old.

General News.

Election in San Francisco.—We have just had our Municipal Election in this city, and if banners, and transparencies, and processions, and drinking, and bullying, and rowdyism are any index of the progress of civilization, we may claim to be in the foremost rank. The whole affair was done up in the most approved New York fashion. Everybody who could conscientiously get drunk, exercised that noble privilege. It was curious to note the impression produced on foreigners by the election and its incidents. The native population and the Chilians and Chinese were wonderfully interested. They gazed with eagerness and astonishment on the torch-light processions, and on the carriages which drove through the streets all day, covered with flags and other insignia. A ship on wheels, with a sailor boy standing high on the foretop and a large transparency on the deck, attracted special wonder. The Celestials seemed to think it contained some of the little gods of the political worshippers. The process of balloting was also a marvel. To see hundreds of men crowding round a window, and handing in little slips of paper, was not in the line of their experience, nor was it easy for them to cypher out the problem embraced by the operation. I saw several Chinamen peering into the Union Hotel late at night, greatly amused as well as amazed at the superlatively extravagant conduct of the winning party, who were completely crazed with victory and rum.

Some years ago, an English nobleman, Lord Morpeth, I believe, was on a visit to the United States, on the eve of a Presidential election, and while in Philadelphia, riding out one evening with Professor Meigs, they encountered a large political assemblage in the street, and stopped to listen. After several minutes of earnest attention, the English nobleman turned to his friend and exclaimed with an air of surprise,—"What do I behold? Here I am, three thousand miles from [...]

POLITICAL NEWS.

Pennsylvania Democratic Convention.—This Convention assembled in Reading, according to appointment. There was considerable noise and confusion at first, until it was ascertained that the Buchanan men had a clear majority. The Cass men then submitted to their fate with a good grace. In the matter of contested seats—the Philadelphia contestants soon withdrew their claims, and the Fraser contestants from Lancaster were ruled out (after two speeches on both sides) by twenty-six majority. The speech of Col. Fraser was characterized with great vehemence of expression and violence of denunciation in reference to Mr. Buchanan and his friends.

Hon. J. L. Gillis, of Elk, was elected President, with a number of Vice Presidents and Secretaries. Col. S. W. Black, in a letter, withdrew his name as a candidate for Governor, and Col. Wm. Bigler, of Clearfield, was nominated by acclamation.

The Convention then proceeded to ballot for a candidate for Canal Commissioner. Eight candidates were presented, and five unsuccessful ballotings held. The number of votes cast was 133, making 67 necessary to a nomination. The following is the fifth ballot:

Mr. Searight, of Fayette,	36 votes.
Seth Clover, of Clarion,	36 "
Wm. S. Campbell,	27 "
John B. Bratton, of Cumberland,	25 "
Scattering,	9 "

Three more unsuccessful ballotings were had for Canal Commissioner. On the 8th ballot Clover had 66 votes, Searight 45, Bratton 22. Bratton was then withdrawn.

On the 9th ballot Clover had 95 votes, and Searight 38,—57 majority.

Seth Clover was therefore declared nominated as the candidate for Canal Commissioner.

A number of resolutions were then adopted, one of them approving the late repeal by the Legislature, of the Sixth Section of the Act of 1849, denying under severe penalty the use of our State jails for the detention of fugitive slaves, whilst awaiting their trial, (now in the pocket of Governor Johnston;) and another endorsing the Compromise Acts. At a Mass Meeting after the adjournment of the Convention, Col. Bigler also took ground in favor of the above measures. The resolution of the Convention on the subject of the Tariff, is as follows:

Resolved, That in the matter of levying duties on foreign imports by the General Government, we are in favor of the reciprocal interchange of our products with the other nations of the earth, in consonance with the enlightened spirit of the age, recognising clearly the practice of the Government to maintain and preserve in full vigor and safety, all the great industrial pursuits of the country.

If we understand the above resolution, it says, either—"We are in favor of Free Trade, as far as consists with the support of a protective Tariff;" or, "We are in favor of a protective Tariff, as far as consists with the support of Free Trade"—we are not exactly certain which.

Maryland.—The new Constitution has been adopted by from ten to fifteen thousand majority.

Allegheny Whig Convention.—This Convention passed resolutions in favor of a protective Tariff, in favor of Gov. Johnston's administration, and in favor of Gen. Scott for the Presidency.—The following resolution was also adopted:

Resolved, That we regard the existence of slavery in the Southern States as a local institution, for which they alone are responsible; that so far as it is recognised in the National Constitution, we are willing to execute the same in good faith, but that Pennsylvania, having long since abolished slavery upon her soil, is utterly hostile to its further extension, or to any interference with it by her State officers.

New Hampshire.—Democratic speakers have been elected in both branches of the Legislature. Dinsmore (Dem.) has been elected Governor by 25 majority over Sawyer, (Whig,) who also received many of the Free Soil votes. There were 21 scattering votes, which were not counted, two persons only being constitutional candidates. Dinsmore is in favor of the Compromise.

An Interesting Trial.—We find in one of the Raleigh (N. C.) papers of a late date, a report of an interesting trial at the Spring term of the Superior Court. Mima, a slave, was indicted for the murder of her master, William Smith, of Johnston Co., on the night of the 29th of November, 1850. The evidence for the prosecution showed that the deceased took prisoner from Raleigh jail, tied her round the neck and wrist; ropes were then latched to the horse's neck, took [...]

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE

[...]

trees prevails this Spring. The Horticulturist recommends the following as a remedy for the evil:—

"Head down or shorten very severely, as early as possible in June, the extremities of all the lower limbs. This forces the trees to put out new buds and a strong set of fresh and thrifty shoots, with large, healthy leaves. This young and vigorous foliage appears to have the power of resisting the disease. The tree rapidly makes wood, and in a few years becomes larger and more beautiful than ever. The above has been tried with apparent success two years ago."

Local News.

Red Bank.—The new town of Eagleton, or Red Bank, possesses more than the ordinary attractions which usually induce our citizens to seek amusement or pleasure at common places of summer resort. Aside from its beautifully laid out town, rural walks, &c., there are Revolutionary incidents connected with its history, deeply impressive in their character, calculated to attract the attention of all who visit the place; and a few incidents of its early history may not be uninteresting to the general reader. For much of the correctness of what we shall state, we are indebted to Isaac Mickle, Esq., who has taken more pains to obtain true data than any historian who has written about it. By the Arawenes' Constitution, Red Bank was made an [...]

Marriages.

[...]

Deaths.

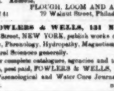
[...]

Bank Note List.

[...]

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

[...]



[...]

SHEPHERD'S CLOTHING STORE,

CHESNUT STREET, SECOND DOOR ABOVE THIRD.

This Establishment is Celebrated for the Elegant Cut, Fineness of Quality, and very Low Prices of

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.

$200,000 WORTH, OF THE NEWEST STYLES.

COATS,	$6 00 TO $20
VESTS,	1 00 " 4
PANTALOONS,	1 50 " 6

WE STUDY TO PLEASE.

THE GREAT PRIZE NUMBER.

WILL BE ISSUED, ON THE 20th OF JUNE, THE JULY NUMBER OF

SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE!

CONTAINING THE FIRST OF THE SERIES OF THE

$1,000 PRIZE ARTICLES;

ENTITLED

THE ESTRANGED HEARTS!

A TALE OF MARRIED LIFE!

BY CLARA MORETON, OF PHILADELPHIA.

This Story alone is worth the price charged for the Number, and should be read by

ALL MARRIED PERSONS,

AND BY THOSE

WHO INTEND TO MARRY!

GREAT REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.

By the new postage law, which went into operation on the 1st of July, *the Postage on this Magazine is greatly reduced.* With our increase of reading matter, the postage under the old law would have been eight cents per number for all distances;—under the new law it is as follows:

Under 500 miles,	2½ cents.
Over 500 miles and under 1,500 miles,	5 do.

TERMS FOR 1851—WHEN IN ADVANCE.

Single Copies, $3; Five Copies, $10; and Ten Copies for $20, and an Extra Copy to the person [...]

LATEST NEWS FROM CANADA. From the Montreal Gazette, June 19, 1849.

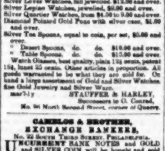
[...]

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 370.—12½ CENTS.

CONTENTS.

1. Case of the Rev. William Wallford, North British [...]

[...]



[...]

Selected Poetry.

KIND MEMORIES.

"Think of me as at my best."—David Copperfield.

By the warm friendship of life's early spring,
That golden age, that cometh not again,
Whatever let the future years may bring,
I charge thee to remember me, as then.

Youth's open brow will sadly change, I know,
The lip forget its old, familiar smile,
And feelings that with honest fervor glow,
Assume, ere long, the hateful mask of guile.

A dark, mysterious destiny I feel,
That bids my nobler promptings all be still;
Binding in stronger fetters than of steel,
Each loftier aspiration of the will.

I go forth to the battle-field of life,
Borne onward, weak and pow'rless, to the fray;
Soon, amid the shock and tumult of the strife,
Most ill prevail, and virtue flee away.

Then on thy memory be my portrait drawn,
Not with the thoughts or features of the man,
But picture me as on youth's early morn,
When side by side our lives together ran.

As thou hast gazed on some far mountain height,
Lit by the sinking sun's departing glow,
A solitary flash of purple light,
Whilst lost in shadow lay the vale below;

So, let my evening years in darkness rest—
The better moments of my boyhood be,
Like that far hill-top, lighted from the West,
Alone beheld when thou remember'st me.

TIME RESTORETH ALL.

What though thy hopes seem even as the leaves
Upon the tree, whose limbs bend sadly o'er
Thy window here, through which the sunlight weaves
Quaint tracery on the floor?

What though like them they wither, fade and fall,
Leaving the heart that bore them desolate,
[illegible]

Selected Sketch.

THE SECOND WIFE: OR, THE TABLES TURNED.

FROM THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE.

[illegible]

Wit and Humor.

[illegible]

Selected Articles.

WOMAN'S POSITION.

[illegible]

LECTURES ON INDIA,

BY

CALEB WRIGHT.

ILLUSTRATED BY ENGRAVINGS.

THE AUTHOR HAS TRAVELLED MORE THAN 60,000 MILES FOR THE EXPRESS PURPOSE OF COLLECTING INFORMATION RESPECTING THE VARIOUS RACES OF PEOPLE WHOSE PECULIAR MANNERS, HABITS, AND SUPERSTITIONS, HE DESCRIBES.

NUMBER II.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

THE CODE OF HONOR.

[illegible]

HE'S NONE THE WORSE FOR THAT.

[illegible]

Agricultural.

THE STRAWBERRY.

[illegible]

POSTS INVERTED.

[illegible]

... liable to crack or wind—if the latter, the posts will last much longer than when left without such addition.

If posts be first placed with the ends in a tube containing a solution of common copperas for a few days, and then in clear lime water, the lime will be changed into sulphate of lime as received into the wood, thus leaving the capillary tubes of the wood filled with plaster of Paris (sulphate of lime,) and their surface coated with oxide of iron, precipitated from the copperas. Wood so prepared will last many years longer than if used in an unprepared state.—*The Working Farmer.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 1, 3, 8, 22, is a medicine.
My 2, 21, is an expression of surprise.
My 4, 12, 6, is another name for boy.
My 5, 9, 1, 22, 7, is a fruit.
My 8, 20, 15, is a piece of timber.
My 10, 21, 20, 6, is part of a lady's dress.
My 9, 16, 11, 8, 12, 6, 7, 4, 1, 19, 14, 5, is a large American city.
My 11, 18, 7, is a great summer luxury.
My 17, 5, 14, 4, is part of a vessel.
My 13, 5, 22, 4, is an apartment in a house.
My 15, 5, 7, is a vulgar expression.
My whole is the name of an excellent Philadelphia Institution. CITIZEN.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1, 9, 12, is a title of respect.
My 2, 6, 11, is a well known beverage.
My 3, 11, 10, is part of the body.
My 4, 3, 7, is an extremely useful instrument.
My 5, 11, 8, is a very disagreeable personage.
My 6, 7, 13, is what we must all have.
My 7, 3, 2, is an implement of the fisherman's.
My 8, 9, 7, is an intoxicating liquor.
My 9, 12, 3, is what we should always check.
My 10, 11, 2, is a small animal.
My 11, 4, 6, is a mischievous creature.
My 12, 6, 13, is one of the primary colors.
My 13, 9, 7, is very disagreeable to old persons.
My whole is the name of a noted Frenchman, who, during his lifetime, resided in Philadelphia.
Little Rock, Arkansas. A. S. K.

PROBLEM.

The paving of a square court with stones at $2 a yard, will cost as much as the enclosing it with palisades at $5 a yard. Required the side of the square? F. T.
Germantown.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is to have seen, or a carpenter's tool;
My second may be said to wise man or fool.
Though coarser or finer my whole chance to be,
It is always before you when taking your tea.
Galena, Ill. S. N. F.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a fool's hat when on his head like a giblet pie?

Ans.—There is a goose's head in it.

☞ Why is an angry man like a lady in full dress?

Ans.—He is ruffled.

☞ Why is a bee-hive like a spectator?

Ans.—It is a *bee-holder.* (*Beholder.*)

☞ Why is the devil riding on a mouse like one and the same thing?

Ans.—It is *sin-on-a-mouse.* (*Synonymous.*)

☞ Why is a little green musk-melon like a horse?

Ans.—It will make a mango. (*Man go.*)

☞ Why was Titan's fat daughter Mary like William Cobbett?

Ans.—She was a great Polly Titian. (*Politician.*)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—Martin Van Buren.

PROBLEM.—15.118556 miles.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—24 feet.

CHARADE.—Footman.

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A few grains of sand from the Banks of Deliverance.

A canoe that glided down the *Stream of Time,* through the *Gulf of Despair,* into the *Sea of Oblivion.*

An arrow from the *quiver of the lip.*

One of the teeth *Remorse eats with.*

J. M. O.

The Olio.

CRADLE SONG.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the Western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the Western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the drooping moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the West,
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Curiosities of Water.—The hailstone, says the Quarterly Review, is no less soluble in earth than in air. Placed under a bell-glass with twice its weight of lime, it gradually melts and disappears; and there remain four parts, instead of [illegible]

For Housekeepers.

[illegible]